

## On Being A Bastard

Coalesce

Farewell friend, until tomorrow  
Where you are still nitpicking our diets and names  
The potential is still there  
Yet it's somehow unexpected

I'll show you courage if you show me responsibility  
Something lost long ago in trying  
To please everyone in pleasing ourselves

If it feels good it must be right, right?  
So what's a child?  
A fetus or kink in sexual revolution and what am I?  
A threat, a kink in political consistency

More name games and more personal choice  
So where's mine?  
Or are you to deal me such luxuries?

Call me what I am and mean every word  
Be prepared to take yours  
You see you're not alone

I'll show you responsibility if you show me reasoning  
Something you never possessed  
You always coveted anger and vengeance  
But for what?

One less bite, one less burden  
I'm sick of being the bastard  
Keep your fight and know I'll keep mine